

TEA-TABLE
DIALOGUES,

BETWEEN A
GOVERNESS,

AND

MARY SENSIBLE,
ELIZA THOUGHTFUL,
JANE BLOOM,
ANN HOPEFUL,

DINAH STERLING,
LUCY LIVELY,
AND
EMMA TEMPEST!

L O N D O N :

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Miss Hughes

Jan. 4th 1797

Frederica Pinwall

May 14th 1814

given to her by

C. F. ———

TO
PARENTS AND TUTORS.

To fortify the heart with virtue, while we are leading Children through the paths of learning, is an object parents and tutors should never lose sight of. To do this effectually, we should cautiously avoid too early putting into their hands, such books as are above their capacities, which give them a disgust for learning in general. Children must be brought on step by step, and, as it were, by insensible gradations. This little book, now recommended to the perusal of the infant-fair, is written

on the plan of the justly-celebrated Mad. le Prince de Beaumont, and contains a collection of dialogues between a governess and her pupils. The child is here made to think, speak, and act, just as her genius, temper, or inclination leads her; while her governess catches the opportunity to make her sensible of her infant errors, and in what manner to correct them, in order to form her heart, and improve her understanding. Sublimity of language is not here attempted; but that plain, easy, and familiar style, which is more adapted to the little readers for whom this work is intended.

TEA-TABLE

DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

*Lucy Lively, Mary Sensible, and Eliza
Thoughtful.*

Lucy Lively. I AM happy in having this afternoon to ourselves. I am told, Mary, that you have had a present made you, of a very pretty doll. Do fetch it, and let us amuse ourselves with it.

Mary. With all my heart, my dear; for I am always glad when I can do any thing to please you. Here it is.—I hear somebody coming; it is Eliza Thoughtful. She promised

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vised to come and pass an hour or two with me this afternoon.

Eliza. What do I see? Mary Sensible playing with a doll at twelve years of age!



Lucy. But can there be any harm in playing with a doll at twelve years of age? I think it is not long since I saw you playing with one!

Eliza. It is more than six months since I threw all these trifling matters into the fire. I begged my papa to give me the money he laid out upon these baubles, to enable me to
buy

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buy books, and pay tutors to instruct me in useful knowledge.

Lucy. Well; I am not of your way of thinking. If I were mistress of myself, instead of giving so much money every month to my geographical tutor, I would be supplied from the city with every thing it produces. These would amuse me much; but my tutor tires me so, I cannot help gaping whenever I see him,

Eliza. Then, I suppose, you never trouble yourself with reading any pretty little book of history?

Lucy. No, indeed, my dear. I do read sometimes, because my papa obliges me to it; but I assure you, when I shall be grown to a woman, and be at liberty to do as I please, I will never read at all.

Eliza. You will then be a silly creature, and never make an amiable woman. While we were in the country this summer, several ladies came to visit us. Among them, were two so plain, that they were almost frightful to look at; yet my papa was always delighted with their company. He said, they were amiable. This surprised me; for I always thought, that no one could be amiable without

out being pretty. — I was still more surpris'd, when I found my papa could not endure the company of Lady Lovelace; for, you know, she is very handsome. He said she was a statue, a mere automaton, but I knew not what he meant. One day, these two ladies happened to be with me, and I asked them, what was the difference between them and Lady Lovelace. Truly, my dear, answered they, cannot you plainly see it? She is beautiful, and we are not so.—I know that very well, said I to to them. My papa has often told me this; but he tells me also, that you are amiable, and she is not; that she is a fine statue, an automaton. I know not what you call an automaton; but I believe a statue is made of stone or wood. The two ladies smiled, and told me, that a woman was amiable, when she had wit and understanding; that they called fools, statues or automatons, because an automaton was a machine that walked, played on the flute, and did many other things, though it was nothing but a statue made of a piece of wood; and that fools spoke, walked, and did every thing without thinking, like an automaton.—Ah, ladies, said I to them, teach me what I must do to learn

learn to think; for I should be very sorry to be an automaton. How did you get that wit and understanding, which, in spite of your faces, make you amiable?—We got them from books, answered they; and by applying ourselves to our lessons when we were young.—Ever since that time, I have thrown aside all my play things, and have laboured to acquire useful knowledge; and I have reason to think I have succeeded, because every one tells me so. But I want to know more, and for that reason I read every day.

Lucy. Pray tell me, my dear, what great advantages there are in wit and understanding?

Eliza. What great advantages! a thousand. The last year I sauntered away a great deal of time at an assembly with my papa, where they treated me as a little girl: At present, every one speaks to me, and I speak to them. The other day, I was at the house of a nobleman, who has a fine collection of pictures. There were many ladies present, who asked an explanation of them. I could not help smiling; and my lord, who knew I had read the History of England, asked me, if I knew the subject of those pictures. I explained

plained them ; they praised and admired me ; and it is a great pleasure to be able to give information to those who ask it. This amuses me much more than a doll.

Lucy. Well, Mary Sensible, they tell me that you also study much. Do you take pleasure in informing those who are not so wise as yourself?

Mary. Yes, my dear ; and I hope it will be of singular service to me, when I shall become a woman.

Eliza. Since study diverts you, why do you still keep dolls ?

Mary. To amuse my little friends : I am happy whenever I am able to please them.

Lucy. I am very much obliged to you, my dear. Keep your dolls for me ; and when I am tired of playing with them, I will come and study with you, and learn to be as good as you really are.

Mary. You may depend on it, my dear, that I will do every thing in my power to oblige you ; and whenever you shall please to turn your mind from dolls to books, you shall find me equally ready to assist you in useful study.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

Mrs. Goodwill. **G**OOD day to you, ladies; but how happens it, that Lucy Lively is not one of your company?

Eliza Thoughtful. She said she was not desirous of coming; because our conversation generally runs upon such matters as are not agreeable to her.

Mrs. Goodwill. You see what are the consequences of bad habits. Lucy Lively is accustomed to play all the day, and hence every thing but play tires and disgusts her. She is a silly, idle child; and, though she has good dispositions, they will be lost in the company of little idle ones, like herself. I think Ann Hopeful is wiser, and that she has properly attended to her last lesson.

Ann Hopeful. I have read it four times. I have repeated it to both my father and mother; and, if you please, I will repeat it to you.

Mrs. Goodwill. Do so, my dear; I shall be glad to hear you.

Ann Hopeful. It is a very long time since,
that

that there were neither heaven, earth, men, nor animals; but there was a God, for he has always existed. That great God did whatever he willed. He has said, let there be heaven earth, trees, birds, fishes, flowers, and more than a million of other things, and they quickly appeared. After which, he formed man out of the earth. But this man could neither speak nor walk: he was no more than a statue, until he who created him, breathed the spirit of life into him, and gave him power to think, to speak, and to walk, and called him Adam. As Adam was soon tired of being alone, God caused him to sleep; and while he slept, took a rib from his side, and formed it into a woman. This woman, who had been made of Adam's rib, the mother of us all, was called Eve; who was placed with Adam in a fine garden, which produced all sorts of fruits, among which there was also a tree, which bore beautiful fruit. God said to Adam and Eve, you may eat of all the fruits which are in this garden; but I forbid you to touch this fruit: If you eat of it, you shall surely die. Satan, who is a wicked creature, and who had disobeyed his Maker, was jealous of Adam and Eve, and was desirous of rendering

rendering them as wicked and unhappy as himself. For this purpose, he assumed the figure of a serpent, and said to Eve, who was walking alone, come eat of the fruit? it is very beautiful. Eve, instead of shutting her ears, or running away, amused herself with talking to him, and said, God has forbidden us to eat of the fruit, and has told us, we shall die, if we touch it. But, said Satan, he forbids you eating of this, because he knows, that if you eat of it, you will be as great, wise, and powerful, as he is. Eve, who had a desire to be as wise as God, was so foolish as to believe Satan. She took fruit for herself, and gave some to Adam. No sooner had they eaten of this forbidden fruit, than they became perfectly sensible of their crime; and ashamed of what they had done, they endeavoured to conceal themselves under the trees, as if they could hide themselves from the Almighty, who some time after called Adam, and said to him, why hast thou been disobedient? Adam, instead of acknowledging his fault, excused himself, by saying, Lord, the woman thou gavest me made me eat of the fruit. And, said the woman, it was the serpent that advised me to eat of it. Since

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you

you are all three culpable, said the Almighty, you shall all three be punished. The serpent shall crawl upon the earth, and the woman shall bruise his head. Eve shall be obliged to obey her husband; and as for Adam, he shall die, as well as his wife, and shall be obliged, while he liveth, to labour for his daily bread. After this, God drove Adam and Eve out of the garden, which they called Paradise. To prevent their ever more returning, an angel, with a flaming sword, was placed at the door.



Mrs. Goodwill. Come and kiss me, my dear
Ann

Ann. You have repeated your history like a woman. But pray tell me ought you to read history only with a view to be learned?

Ann Hopeful. Indeed I do not know.

Mrs. Goodwill. Come, Mary, tell us what is to be observed in reading and studying history.

Mary Sensible. You have told me, that we should nicely remark the wicked and the virtuous characters we meet with in history, that we may learn how to shun wickedness and imitate virtue.

Mrs. Goodwill. Very well answered, my dear. Tell me, Dinah, what instruction do you draw from this little history?

Dinah Sterling. When I have committed a fault, I must not attempt to excuse myself, but instantly own my fault, and intreat to be excused.

Mrs. Goodwill. Very well answered: and what think you, Jane?

Jane Bloom. Whenever I shall have an inclination to be greedy or disobedient, I shall think the serpent at my elbow, advising me to those things which are wrong.

Mrs. Goodwill. 'Tis certainly wrong to be greedy or covetous. Eliza, what think you?

Eliza Thoughtful. I think Eve was very proud to desire to become as wise as her Maker: and she was very greedy: if she had nothing to eat, I should have excused her; but she had a variety of other things. It seems to me, had I been in her place, I should have never meddled with the fruit.

Mrs. Goodwill. If our conversation had not been already so long, I should relate to you a piece of history, which I just recollect. What do you say, children, shall I relate it now?

All together. Pray, let us hear it.

Mrs. Goodwill. One day, a Gentleman, who was partaking of the pleasures of the chase, lost himself. While he was endeavouring to find the road, he heard somebody speak; and having approached the place from whence the voice proceeded, he saw a man and a woman, hard at work, cutting wood. The woman said, it must be confessed, that our mother Eve was very greedy, for having eaten the fruit: Had she obeyed God, we should not at this day be condemned to such hard labour. The man answered, if Eve was greedy, Adam was as foolish for minding what she said to him: if I had been in his place, and you had wanted

wanted me to eat of the fruit, I should have given you a slap on the face, and what you had said to me, would have gone in at one ear and out at the other.—The Gentleman then approached them, and said, you are obliged to work hard, poor people. Yes, Sir, said the man, we work like horses from morning till night, and can hardly get bread at last. If you will live with me, said the gentleman, I will keep you without work. I should like that, said the woman, come husband let us go; but, said the man, let us go home first, and give the care of our cottage to some neighbour, and to-morrow let us go. Very well, said the gentleman, giving them a direction to Paradise-hall, then to-morrow I shall expect you.

As soon as they came to the hall, the gentleman ordered them to be cleanly dressed, and proper attendants were always at their command, and every day their table was covered with a variety of dishes. At the end of some time, they were served with a greater number of dishes; but in the middle of the table was placed a large one covered. Immediately the wife, who was curious to know what it contained, was going to uncover it;

but one of the gentleman's servants, who was then present, told her, that his master strictly ordered that it should not be touched, under pain of his displeasure. When the servants had left the room, the husband observed, that the wife was very sorrowful, and could not eat. He asked her what was the matter with her, and she answered, that she had no inclination to eat of any of the good things on the table; but that she had a strong inclination to see what was upon the covered dish. That is a wrong desire, said her husband to her: has not our benefactor forbidden us to meddle with it? The gentleman is unreasonable, said the woman: if he was desirous that we should not see what is in that dish, he should not have suffered it to be brought to table.—At the same time she began to cry, and said she would kill herself, if her husband would not uncover the dish. When her husband saw her cry, he was much grieved; and, as he loved her tenderly, he told her he would do any thing for her, if she would not vex herself; he then uncovered the dish, when a little mouse ran out of it, and made its escape,

They



They ran after it to catch it; but it had got down a little hole; and immediately the Gentleman entered, who asked where the mouse was. Sir, said the husband, my wife tormented me to let her see what there was under the covered dish; I uncovered it against my inclination, and the mouse ran away, and has made its escape. Ah! ah! said the gentleman, you wished to have been in the place of Adam, that you might have given Eve a slap on the face, to cure her of being greedy and curious: it is necessary you should be reminded of your promise. You have had all kinds

kinds of dainties, but like Eve, you could not be contented with them: you must see, truly, what was under that dish, though I had strictly forbidden it. You must now return to your old trade of wood-cutting, and no longer complain of Adam and Eve, since you have both acted like them.

Eliza Thoughtful. This piece of history convinces me, that I spoke too hastily when I said, had I been in the place of Eve, I should not have meddled with that fruit.

Mrs. Goodwill. I am glad, my dear, to find that any part of it attracts your notice. I wish most sincerely, that it may turn to advantage. Come, children, let us retire to tea; and Dinah Sterling will repeat to us a scrap of history.

Dinah Sterling. After Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, they had two sons. The first born was named Cain, and the youngest Abel. Cain was a tiller of the ground, and Abel was a keeper of sheep. Adam always offered a part of what he possessed to God, such as the best of his fruits, flowers, and animals. It was not because his Maker had need of these things; but Adam offered them as a testimony of his gratitude,

gratitude, and to shew that he was sensible from whom he received them. Cain and Abel followed the example of their father; but Cain did not make his offering with a good will: and only offered such as he himself cared little for. Abel, on the contrary, chose the fattest and most beautiful of his flock to present for an offering. So that God loved him more than he did Cain his brother, who became jealous, and was very sorrowful. One day, God said unto him, Cain, why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shall it not be well with thee; but if thou doest ill, sin lieth at thy door? It was the same as if God had said to him, children should never be angry or sullen, unless with themselves, when they have done wrong; for, to be sorry for a past error is the high road for amendment. Cain, instead of making a proper use of this admonition, which God in his great goodness was pleased to give him, when walking in the field far from home, he slew his brother Abel; but God, who is every where, saw him commit the crime; and being willing to try, whether he would tell a falsity, and thereby add one crime to another, said

said to him, Cain, where is thy brother Abel? Cain answered, I know not: am I my brother's keeper? But thou hast killed thy brother, God said to him, and now shalt thou be a vagabond upon the earth, which has opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood; a fugitive shalt thou be on the earth. Cain immediately fled from his country, and took with him his wife and children.

Jane Bloom. Well, then, I must tell you that I am as jealous of my eldest sister, as ever Cain was of his brother. Father and mother love her better than me, which frequently puts me into a rage against her.

Mrs. Goodwill. But, my dear, is it not your own fault, if your sister is loved more than you? tell me if you were a mother, and had two daughters; the one amiable, affable, obedient, and attentive to her tutors; and the other head-strong, wicked, and insolent to every one, and disobedient to her tutors, which would you love most?

Jane Bloom. I should certainly love the first best.

Mrs. Goodwill. You must not then be angry with your father and mother, if they love your sister better than you: learn to be as good

good as she is, and they will be as fond of you.

Jane Bloom. I would wish to be good, and I endeavour to check myself when I am about to do any thing that is naughty.

Mrs. Goodwill. Follow that rule, my dear, with unremitted attention, and you will soon be as good a girl as your sister, and as happy as she is. Adieu, my little dears: I will take leave of you for the present.

DIALOGUE III.

Mrs. Goodwill. **H**OW do you do, children? I am glad to see you so cheerfully preparing for tea. Pray, how did you amuse yourselves, after I left you yesterday?

Mary Sensible. We walked in the garden, and from the bottom of it, we beheld a most beautiful prospect. If it afforded a feast to our eyes, it was no less than such to our ears: we beheld a delightful plain, covered with sheep, and under a tree, sat a shepherdess with
a crook

a crook in her hand. Not far from her, and at the foot of a hill, sat a young shepherd, playing on his flute. Though this prospect, has nothing new in it to you, yet it so delighted me, that I could not forbear attempting to draw the picture of it, which is—but a sketch, done for amusement, and not a perfectly finished piece.



Mrs. Goodwill. Indeed! I not only commend you for thus amusing yourselves, but also admire the picture much. It is much to be wished, that young ladies in general would be thus attentive to improve every moment
of

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of their lives. The hour flies swift away, and time passed can never be recalled. Our youthful days properly spent, will make old age happy and respected. Come, Dinah Sterling, oblige us with another piece of history.

Dinah Sterling. A long time after the death of Adam and Eve, men became so wicked, that the Almighty was offended with them, and he resolved to punish them; but as there was one good man and his family among the wicked, God commanded him to make an ark, and put all sorts of animals therein. The name of this honest man was Noah, who went into this house with his wife, and three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, who also took with them their wives. When they were got into the ark, God caused it to rain so heavily, that the houses, trees, and mountains, were covered with water; so that men, and all kinds of beasts, were drowned. Noah was not drowned: for God had shut him up in the ark, which swam upon the water. When all the men and women were dead, the rain ceased, and a great wind arose, which dried up the earth. Some time after, Noah opened one of his windows, and let fly out of it a pigeon. The pigeon pulled off a sprig from
C a tree,

a tree, and brought it to Noah. Afterwards God said to Noah, come out of the ark. Noah and all his family threw themselves on their knees, to thank God for his goodness; and at the same time, he saw a rainbow, such as you often see. God said to Noah, this rainbow I will often shew you, as a token, that I will no more drown the earth.

Ann Hopeful. Pray, what had Noah, his children, and all the beasts, to eat while they were in the ark?

Mrs. Goodwill. I think, you have been with your father to France. You went in a ship, and you there found plenty of provisions. The ark was like a ship; and, by the directions of God, Noah took into the ark every thing that was necessary to live upon. But pray, Dinah, have you no good thoughts to draw from the history you have now related?

Dinah Sterling. Yes. As it was Noah's first care to thank God for his goodness, so it shall be mine every morning and evening to shew my gratitude to him for his daily favours.

Mrs. Goodwill. You are right, my dear; for to him you owe every thing. He has
giving

given you a body and soul, and has given you reason to direct your conduct.

Ann Hopeful. Pray, am I not more obliged to my mother, who gives me clothes, and victuals?

Mrs. Goodwill. Never forget, my dear, that God made every thing, and that every thing belongs to him. If he had not enabled your mother to purchase clothes, bread, and every thing else which you stand in need of, you would never have had any.

Ann Hopeful. Then, I am sure, I ought to love this good God, who has given me every thing.

Mrs. Goodwill. You speak very justly, my dear; and, in order to let God know how much you love him, you must be very good: for that will give him much pleasure.

Ann Hopeful. Did this good God also make my grand-mother, who is now in France?

Mrs. Goodwill. He made every thing in heaven and earth: He sees and knows every thing.

DIALOGUE IV.

Mrs. Goodwill. SO, my little dears, I see you are preparing for tea. You all seem to look very serious. Pray, what has been the subject of your conversation?

Mary Sensible. I have taken the freedom, to sketch the following picture from a paint-



ing in your dining-room. We were saying, how pleasing it must be to live a country life. Had I a little farm to ramble in, and a
good

good collection of books, I am sure, I should be happy in the country.

Mrs. Goodwill. I believe you have a good taste, my dear; but perfectly to enjoy the pleasures of a country life, we must have neither ambition, vanity, nor unreasonable desires; without going to live in the country, you may be happy any where, if you have not any of those imperfections I have just mentioned.

Dinah Sterling. Pray, madam, what is ambition?

Mrs. Goodwill. It is a desire to have it in our power to command others, perhaps better than ourselves; and vanity is a desire to be praised for our beauty, wit, riches, or fine clothes. Ask Eliza Thoughtful, how much her vanity has made her unhappy.

Eliza Thoughtful. It has also made me wicked; but I find I have still too much vanity, which has lately led me to commit a great fault. If you please, I will tell it to my companions, as it may serve to caution them as well as myself.

Mrs. Goodwill. You are right: the surest method of correcting a fault is to confess it. Let us know, then, what you have done.

Eliza Thoughtful. I was yesterday with my mother at Lady Gay's. That lady is old, and has children. She asked me how I employed my time. I answered, at present I read Quintus Curtius: it is a very pretty book, and contains the life of Alexander the Great.—I do not remember, answered the lady, that there was any king of England named Alexander the Great. When I was young, I read part of an abridgment of the History of England, and got some of it by heart; but I have now forgotten it.—Instead of answering the lady, I put my handkerchief to my face, to prevent her seeing me laugh; and I went into the hall, where I told every one of the ignorance of the lady, who had never heard of Alexander.

Mrs. Goodwill. You have, indeed, my dear, committed a great fault; and I doubt not but you are sensible of the injury you have done that lady.

Eliza Thoughtful. Yes, madam; but, when I committed this fault, it was not out of any disrespect to the lady: it was through vanity, to let every one see, that I thought myself wiser than a lady, old enough to be my grand-mother.

Mrs.

Mrs. Goodwill. I assure you, my dear, more people have taken notice of your behaviour on this occasion than you are aware of. I this morning paid a visit to Lady Graceful, whom you know to be a lady of understanding.—Your little Eliza Thoughtful, said she to me, appears to be a little thoughtless puss. She yesterday insulted Lady Gay. Had she been my daughter, I would have turned her out of the company.—You see, my dear, that your great opinion of yourself is founded on folly; and that, instead of making you respected, it brings on you the contempt of every one. You knew that every one was sensible of this lady's ignorance; but, at the same time, you ought to have been sensible, that you were exceedingly naughty: you did more harm to yourself than the lady you laughed at. Learn to become good and charitable. Think before you speak, whether what you are going to say is becoming you. Instead of speaking of the defects of others, learn to discover your own, and imitate the good qualities of every one. When you cannot speak in their commendation, say nothing, and you will then gain the esteem of every one. Come, Ann

Ann Hopeful, favour us with some little history,

Ann Hopeful. Abraham was doatingly fond of his son Isaac; but he loved the Almighty still more. One day, God said to Abraham, take thy son Isaac, carry him to the top of a great mountain, and there sacrifice him; that is to say, cut off his head, and afterwards burn his body; for in those days they killed beasts which they offered to the Lord, and after that burned them. God ordered Abraham to do the same by his son. Any one but Abraham would have said to himself, God has promised to give my son Isaac a great many children: if I kill him, how can that happen? But Abraham was wiser: he did not reason upon the commands of God; for he knew, that God was able to accomplish those things, which to him appeared impossible. Abraham took some wood, which he gave to his son Isaac to carry; and, while they were ascending the mountain, Isaac said, my father, we have wood, and fire to light it; but we have no beast to sacrifice.—God will send us some, answered Abraham—When they had reached the top of the mountain, Abraham immediately made a pile with the wood, and laid his son upon it. Then he took a knife, and
lifted

lifted up his hand to slay him; but an angel said to him, slay not Isaac: God only pleased to try how thou wouldst obey his commands. Abraham then unbound his son; and at the same time perceived, that a goat was caught in a thicket by his horns. He took the goat, sacrificed him to the Lord, and then returned with his son to his tent.

Hannah Sterling. I was, Mrs. Goodwill, in much pain for poor Isaac: I was afraid he would be killed.

Ann Hopeful. Isaac was a good child. I wish to be as obedient as he was.

Mrs. Goodwill. You may, perhaps, have occasion for the same humble resignation, should you be afflicted with a fever, the small-pox, or some other terrible disorder. If it should not deprive you of life, yet it may, perhaps, affect an eye, an ear, or some other part of the body. When you shall be thus afflicted, you must say, my God, it was thou who gave me life: if it is thy pleasure that this affliction shall put an end to it, thy will be done.

Mary Sensible. If we always thought like this, we should never be out of temper.

Mrs. Goodwill. That is true, my dear.
Hence

Hence it is, that we sometimes see people, who we imagine consider themselves as very unfortunate in this world, but are nevertheless contented. Come, Jane Bloom, give us your history.

Jane Bloom. Abraham, desirous of marrying his son Isaac, called to him his steward, and said to him, go into the country of Nacor, where my brother lives, and chuse a wife for my son Isaac. When the steward was arrived in the country of Nacor, he prayed God to give him success in his business, and said, Lord, shew me the woman thou shalt please to make the wife of my young master.—Being come to a well, he again said, Lord, the maidens of the city will come to seek water at this fountain: I will ask some water to drink: inspire her, who shall be the wife of Isaac, with kindness to offer me her pitcher, as well as water for the camels.—At the time the maidens came out of the city, there was one among them very beautiful. The steward approached her, and asked for some water. With all my heart, said the damsel; and at the same time presented him her pitcher, adding; I will also give water to thy camels, The steward then
asked

asked her name: she answered, my name is Rebekah, and my grandfather is Nacor.— Then the steward thanked God, and presented Rebekah with golden ear-rings, and bracelets for her arms. Rebekah ran home to shew the presents she received; for she knew that a daughter was not to take presents from a man, without her parents' consent. Laban, the brother of Rebekah, having seen these presents, ran to the fountain, and prayed the steward to accept a lodging in his house; but this honest steward would neither eat nor drink till he had fulfilled his commission. He demanded Rebekah in marriage for Isaac, and her friends consented to it. They then said to Rebekah, wilt thou go along with this man; and marry thy cousin Isaac? She answered, I will; and they then set out together. When they had travelled a long way, Rebekah saw a man walking towards them; and the steward having told her it was Isaac, she put a veil over her head, and they were married immediately.

Hannah Stirling. This history is very entertaining; but I would wish to know, why Abraham sent so far to get a wife for his son?

son? was it because there were no damsels in his own country?

Mrs. Goodwill. There were many, my dear; but they were not very wise, and Abraham wished to give a good woman to his son, but paid no attention to her fortune. Observe, my children, the conduct of Abraham's steward: he prayed for assistance in the business he was about, and his prayers proved not in vain. In like manner, ask of God whatever you reasonably want.

Ann Hopeful. But as the Almighty well knows what things we are in want of, it should seem unnecessary to ask them of him.

Mrs. Goodwill. Pardon me, my dear; he knows that we have need of bread; nevertheless Christ has commanded us to ask it of him daily, in the prayer which he himself has taught us. Do not you every morning and evening say, *GIVE us our daily bread?*

Mary Sensible. As for me, I ask every thing of God I have need for: when I begin my lessons, I pray him to give me grace to understand them; when friends or relations are ill, I pray him to cure them.

Mrs. Goodwill. Preserve that good practice, my dear. Accustom yourselves, my children,

DIALOGUES.

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children, to regard him as your good father and good master; but, as you know not perfectly what you have need of, and that you may not ask those things that are improper for you, always say, grant us those things, which are most for thy glory and our good. It now grows late, and we must separate for the present.

DIALOGUE V.

Mrs. Goodwill. **I** AM glad to see you all look so cheerful; for a cheerful countenance is a sure mark of a contented mind, and contentment is the greatest of all earthly blessings.

Sarah Bloom. I have great reason to be cheerful, for my part; for Lady Silvertongue, who called here this morning, told me, that I was one of the prettiest creatures she had ever set her eyes on!

Mrs. Goodwill. I do not see, my dear, that you have much occasion to be more than ordinarily cheerful on that account: had the lady told you, that you read very prettily,
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that

that your behaviour was in every respect suitable to your age, and that you betrayed not the least appearance of pride in any part of your conduct, you would then have had just reason to be more than usually satisfied with yourself. Beauty is merely accidental, and may be destroyed by a number of accidents; but nothing can hurt or disgrace the mind in which wisdom, goodness, and learning have once taken root. Beware, my dear, of idle flatterers; for nothing is so dangerous to a young lady. Come, Ann Hopeful, repeat to us some piece of history.

Ann Hopeful. Jacob loved his son Joseph better than any other of his children, because he behaved better than his brothers, and because he was the son of his dear Rachael; but he was hated by his brothers for many reasons. One day, Joseph saw them do a wicked action, and he told his father Jacob of it, which much vexed his brothers. Another day, he said to them, I dreamt that I was in a field, and that we were making sheaves of corn, but all your sheaves were less than mine. I dreamt another time, that the sun, moon, and twelve stars bowed before

fore me.—Though Jacob thought that God had caused these dreams to Joseph, yet he was sorry he had told them, and said to him, believest thou, that I, thy mother and twelve brethren shall bow down to thee?—The other children of Jacob were then very angry with Joseph; and one day, when they were attending their flock at a great distance from home, they saw Joseph coming to them, whom Jacob had sent to enquire how they all did: they then said to one another, here comes the mighty dreamer: let us kill him. Reuben, who was not so wicked as the other, said, nay, do not let us kill him: let us put him into this great pit; for Reuben intended to return at night, and take him out of it: but no sooner was Reuben gone, than they drew him out of the pit, and sold him as a slave to an Egyptian merchant. When Reuben came at night to save Joseph, he found him not, and he wept; but his brethren took Joseph's coat, and, having besmeared it with blood, they carried it to Jacob, who believed that a wild beast had devoured him, which made him very unhappy. On the other side is a picture of Joseph's brethren presenting his coat to his father.



Sarah Bloom. Pray, may we believe dreams?

Mrs. Goodwill. Not at all times; to believe every dream is an idle thing. It is true, that God has sometimes made use of dreams to discover his will to his servants; but this very seldom happened, and only in matters of the last consequence.

Dinah Sterling. My good madam, I know a lady who explains the dreams of all her acquaintance. She throws some coffee-grounds into a saucer, and from thence tells them every thing that will happen to them. It is——

Mrs. Goodwill. Stop, my dear: you must
never

never mention the names of those people who say things that are not right: as this lady acts and thinks very idly, it is necessary her name should be kept a secret. Be sure, my children, that none but very weak as well as wicked people, believe that God will condescend to answer idle and ridiculous questions by the grounds of a dish of coffee. No person of a good understanding will give credit to such wicked superstitions. Be well assured, that conjurers and fortune-tellers, as they are called, so far from knowing more than other people, are generally the most ignorant.

Eliza Thoughtful. And yet, what is explained by dreams sometimes comes true.

Mrs. Goodwill, Yes, by chance, one time in a thousand; but it is the height of folly to be sorrowful or gay on account of them. Ann Hopeful, pray, go on with your history of Joseph.

Ann Hopeful. The merchant, who had bought Joseph, sold him to a great Egyptian lord. Joseph, seeing himself a slave, resolved faithfully to serve his master, whose name was Potiphar, and soon gained his good will. Potiphar had a very wicked wife, who want-

ed to make Joseph betray his master; but Joseph would not commit a wicked action; and the wife of Potiphar, being very angry with him, told fables of him to his master. Potiphar, not suspecting that his wife would tell stories, was very angry with Joseph, and threw him into prison. He remained there a long time; but the keeper of the prison, seeing him to be a good man, took pity of him. There were in this prison two of the King of Egypt's officers, the one his butler and the other his baker. One day, the cup-bearer said to Joseph, I have dreamt, that I had some very fine grapes in my hand, that I squeezed them into a cup, and the King drank the wine; for, you know, wine is made from the grape. Joseph said to him—the meaning of thy dream is this: the King will pardon thee, and restore thee to thy office. When thou shalt be restored to favour, I pray thee think of me, and entreat the King to release me from prison, for I am innocent of the crime with which I am accused. The baker said, and I too have dreamt: methought I bore upon my head a basket full of loaves, and the birds came and devoured them. Joseph answered him, the
meaning

meaning of thy dream is, that thou wilt be hanged, and that the birds of the air will devour thee.—All these things happened just as Joseph had foretold; but, when the cup-bearer was restored to favour, he thought no more of Joseph, and he remained still in prison.

Mary Sensible. I am very angry with the cup-bearer, for forgetting poor Joseph, who had been his friend.

Mrs. Goodwill. People who live in a court, are, my dear, in a great degree, strangers to true friendship. Their whole study is to please the king, and to make their fortunes. They will sometimes tell you, that they are your friends, and that you may depend on their services; but the moment you are gone from them, they think no more of you. Hence you must not believe what they promise, unless you are sure they are good and virtuous; and those are the most happy, who do not want their assistance.

Mary Sensible. How! are all the ladies at court deceitful?

Mrs. Goodwill. No, my dear; all those who go to court are not courtiers. They call those people courtiers, who are the favourites

yourites of the prince, whose constant study is to make their fortune by that favour, and who are jealous of every one who approaches their master.

Mary Sensible. It seems to me, if I were beloved by the queen or the princess, so far from that making me wicked or ungrateful, I should consider it as my greatest happiness, that I had it in my power to do good to every one.

Mrs. Goodwill. You think so now, my dear; but the favour of princes makes a strange alteration in the human heart. However, even in your present situation of life, you have it as much in your power to shew your sentiments of gratitude and generosity, as if you lived in a court; and let me tell you, that there are few crimes less pardonable than ingratitude, especially to your parents. Remember, that Joseph faithfully obeyed his master, and his keeper in prison, whose friendship he gained by his good conduct.

Eliza Thoughtful. Pray, did Joseph spend the rest of his life in prison?

Mrs. Goodwill. No, my dear; let us hear the rest of the story.

Ann Hopeful. Pharaoh one day dreamt, that
he

he saw seven beautiful kine; or cows, which were so fat that they gave him pleasure to look at them. All of a sudden he saw seven others which were so lean and meagre, that they appeared to be nothing but skin and bone. These seven meagre cows ate up the fat ones; and the King, awaking from his dream, sent for the most learned men of Egypt to explain to him his vision; but they could not, because God had not inspired them with what to say. Then the cup-bearer remembered Joseph, and told the King, that he had explained both his and the baker's dream. Joseph was immediately sent for, and he thus spoke to the King, Sire, the seven fat cows signify, that during seven years there will be a great plenty of corn; but, after that time, there will be seven years of famine, and these are the seven meagre cows which ate up the fat ones.—The King said to Joseph, since thou canst foretel the evil, thou must surely know how to prevent it; I will leave every thing in my kingdom to thy management.—Joseph then caused great warehouses to be built; and, when every one had supplied themselves with corn, he bought up what remained, and caused it

to

to be stored in the houses he had built. At the end of seven years, all his houses, or granaries, were full of corn. At this time, no one could guess why Joseph acted in this manner; but a little time made them acquainted with his motives: for, after seven years, the corn that was sown did not come up, and the Egyptians were obliged to purchase it of the King, who had entrusted Joseph with the care of it. Pharaoh was then convinced of the wisdom of Joseph, and he made him the greatest lord in his kingdom.

Eliza Thoughtful. Oh! I am happy to find that poor Joseph got out of prison. But, pray, did not he send to let his father Jacob know that he was still living?

Mrs. Goodwill. It grows late, my dear, and we must defer that matter till to-morrow. In the mean time, let me remind you, that the case of Joseph is not so uncommon a one as you and your little companions may imagine. God often suffers us to undergo trifling afflictions, in order to prepare us for the greater prosperity.

DIALOGUE VI.

Eliza Thoughtful. I HAVE been long wishing for tea-time, that I might relate to you the substance of a letter I yesterday received from my mother. It relates to a matter which happened lately.

Mrs. Goodwill. I dare say, my dear, we shall all be glad to hear it.

Eliza Thoughtful. My mother, during the time she was in the country, became acquainted with a lady, who had a daughter named Charlotte. This Charlotte was a good girl. She never hurt any thing, no not even beasts, and was very angry with herself when she happened to kill a fly. One day as Charlotte was walking to take the air, she saw a poor dog, which a number of little boys was dragging along, by a cord round its neck, to throw it into the river. The poor dog was very lame, and all over dirt. Charlotte pitied the poor creature, and told the little boys, that she would give them a shilling, if they would let her have the dog. Her chambermaid, who was along with Charlotte, said

to



to her, what will you do with that dog? it is an ugly one.—That is true, said Charlotte: but it is unfortunate; and if I do not take pity of it, no one else will.—She ordered it to be cleaned, and taken home with her. As soon as she got home, every one laughed at her; but that did not prevent her taking care of the poor beast for three years. One night last week, being lain down, and just got to sleep, this dog jumped on her bed, and kept such a constant barking, that he soon awakened her. She got up, and having a lamp, she saw her dog still barking, and
looked

looked under the bed. Charlotte, half dead with terror, ran to the door, and called up the servants, who were not yet gone to bed. They came into her chamber, and found a thief concealed under her bed, who had a poignard under his coat. The thief confessed, that it was his intention to kill the lady in the night, in order to rob her of her diamonds. Thus her poor dog saved her life.

Mrs. Goodwill. I am obliged to you; for what you have now related. It is certain that pity, even for animals, is the mark of a generous heart; but what I admire most in Charlotte is that fine expression: *The dog is not handsome, but it is unfortunate.* Every thing unfortunate commands the attention of good people; and for this reason, generous minds always treat their domestics and labourers with kindness.

Ann Hopeful. Pray, how am I to behave to the servants at home? My mother sometimes blames me for being too free with them; and at other times, that I do not treat them with proper respect.

Mrs. Goodwill. I dare say your mother is at all times right. When you are blamed
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for being too free with the servants, I dare say it is, when you get talking among them about the concerns of other people; for servants are too apt to meddle with the family affairs of their neighbours. When you are chid for not paying them proper respect, it must be, that you give them pert answers, look upon them with contempt, or call them by improper names.

Ann Hopeful. Indeed you make me blush; for what you have said is too true.

Mrs. Goodwill. To treat servants properly, you should always speak to them with civility and kindness, pity them when they are ill, and do any little matters that lie in your power to serve them. Come, Hannah, give us the continuation of the history of Jacob.

Hannah Sterling. You know, ladies, that Jacob had many children, and a great number of servants. He had hardly any corn left to make bread of, and having heard that it was sold in Egypt, he said to his sons: take money, and go into Egypt, and buy corn.—Ten of Jacob's children then set off for Egypt; but he kept his little son Benjamin at home. When Jacob's children appeared
before

before Joseph, they knew him not; but he remembered them well, and pretended to be angry with them. He said to them, you are spies, and are come into this country to betray the King. They threw themselves at his feet and said, my lord, we are not spies, we are brethren, and all children of the same father: we have a brother now at home, and another is long since dead.—I doubt the truth of your story, said Joseph to them, and I will not believe you, unless you bring your youngest brother here before me.—Then Joseph's brethren, who knew him not, and believed that he did not understand their language, said now are we punished for having killed our poor brother Joseph, who prayed us to take pity on him.—Joseph, who had not forgotten the language of his country, understood them very well, and said to them, return home to your father, and bring with you little Benjamin: I will keep one of you in prison, and if you return not, I will put him to death.—The nine children of Jacob returned to their father; but they were astonished to find in their sacks the money they had given for their corn, for Joseph had so ordered it, However, they related their ad-

venture to their father Jacob; but he would not then suffer his son Benjamin to go with them. However, when they had eaten up all the corn, it became absolutely necessary that they should return to Egypt; and Judah, the eldest of Jacob's children, became answerable for the safe return of his brother Benjamin. Upon this, Jacob suffered him to depart.

Mrs. Goodwill. That we may not be too tiresome to Ann, I should be glad, Dinah Sterling, if you would continue this history.

Dinah Sterling. Joseph was very happy in seeing his young brother; and, having ordered Simeon to be taken out of prison, he bid his steward bring the strangers into his house, because he would eat with them. They were afraid when they heard this, and said to the steward, we know not how it happened, but we found in our sacks the money which we paid for our corn when we first came here.—The steward answered, make yourselves easy; I received your money, and I have no demands on you.—When Joseph came, he asked how their father Jacob did, and looking at his brother Benjamin, who was like himself the son of Rachael, tears came in his eyes, and he instantly withdrew.

Afterwards,

Afterwards, they were placed at table, and Benjamin had a portion of food five-times more than the others. The next day, Joseph commanded his steward to supply them with corn; but he ordered him, as the same time, to conceal the gold cup, out of which he drank, in the sack of Benjamin. When Jacob's children had got a little way on their journey, the steward ran after them, and said, you are thieves and wicked men: my master admitted you into his house, and, in return for his kindness, you have stolen from him his golden cup.—They all answered, we have done no such wicked action; and, if thou findest the cup amongst us, let him become the slave of thy master.—Then they opened their sacks, and it was found in that of Benjamin. They then returned to Joseph, who said to them, it is not just that the innocent shall suffer for the guilty: go home to your father, and I will keep Benjamin as my slave.—Judah, throwing himself at the feet of Joseph, said to him, my lord, have mercy, I pray thee, and take me as a slave instead of him; for if our father sees us return without him, he will die with grief.—Joseph could no longer refrain his tears: he

ordered every one but his brethren to depart, and then said to them, I am Joseph your brother, whom you sold; but I pardon you, because you did not kill me.—It was God who permitted this, that I might now be able to supply you with bread.—In the mean time, Pharaoh, having been told that Joseph had found his brethren, was very well pleased with it, and said to him, send chariots and fetch thy father: let him come into Egypt with his family, and I will give him the pleasantest part of my country to live in. Then Joseph, after having tenderly caressed his brethren, especially Benjamin, made them great presents, and sent them to fetch their father Jacob.

Sarah Bloom. I remember this story well; and I was so pleased with the thought what pleasure the old gentleman must have in his journey to Egypt, on this occasion, that I was led to draw the picture, which you may see on the top of the next page

Mrs.



Mrs. Goodwill. I like your picture very well; but that was not the manner of travelling in those days; their chariots or carriages were of very different make, and though I know they were different, I cannot draw them as they were then. However, that is a matter of little consequence. Come, Jane Bloom, as you say you remember the story well, pray proceed with what follows.

Jane Bloom. As soon as the children of Jacob were got home, they said to their father, rejoice, for thy son Joseph is not dead: he is become a great lord, and in his possession

session is all the corn of Egypt.—It was with much difficulty they could persuade Jacob to believe such good news; but when he saw the presents, he thanked God, and wept for joy. He then set out with all his family to go to his dear son in Egypt. On his arrival there, Joseph, after having tenderly embraced him, presented him to the King, who received him graciously, and gave him a fine country for him and his children to live in, which Jacob enjoyed many years. After his death, his body was buried in a tomb among his fathers. Joseph lived a great number of years; and as God had revealed to him, that the descendants of Jacob, whom they called Israelites, should one day go out of Egypt, he made his children swear, that they would bury his bones near those of his father Jacob.

Eliza Thoughtful, Indeed, Mrs. Goodwill, I cannot help crying when I think on this history. Joseph was a very honest man to do so many good things for his brothers, who treated him so cruelly.

Mrs. Goodwill. When Jacob was dead, Joseph's brethren were afraid that he would revenge the ills they had done him; but he
assured

assured them, that the slavery he had suffered was by the will of God, and he heartily forgave them.

Mary Sensible. As for me, I cannot but admire the wisdom of God, who made use of the malice of mankind to bring about such glorious purposes. Who would not have thought, in such a situation as Joseph, that they were completely wretched—to have such wicked brothers, who sold him for a slave—and to be thrown into prison for being honest to his master? However, if all these misfortunes had not happened to Joseph, he would not have had the pleasure of saving Egypt and his own family, nor that of pardoning his brothers.

Jane Bloom. What, then, is there a pleasure in pardoning those who use us ill?

Mrs. Goodwill. Yes, my dear, to forgive is one of the greatest pleasures in the world. Judge of it from yourself. I will suppose that you are very angry with me; that you spoke of me injuriously; that you wished to take my money from me, and that you even scratched my face; that, after doing me all this injury, I should find you in a wood dying with hunger, and I should give you something

thing to eat.—Is it not true, that you would say, I have been very wicked in doing so much ill to a person, who now wishes to save my life?

Jane Bloom. Indeed, madam, you make me ashamed of my question. I should be very sorry were I to do you so much harm.

Mrs. Goodwill. You see, my dear, how happy I should be, even after you had committed such faults, in seeing you become good. This would give me real pleasure; but I could find none in taking revenge.

Eliza Thoughtful. But, if instead of thanking you for the bread you gave her, Jane should still endeavour to hurt you, you would not then have the pleasure of seeing her become good.

Jane Bloom. I assure you, I am not so wicked as you think me; and that I would never do any injury to Mrs. Goodwill, who is always so very kind to me.

Eliza Thoughtful, rising, runs and embraces Jane Bloom. I am very sure of that, my dear: I was only speaking by way of supposition.

Mrs. Goodwill. It grows late, my dear children. If you improve from what has
now

now passed, I shall be pleased. Indeed, I do not doubt of your improving, if you are but careful of your words and actions.

DIALOGUE VII.

Ann Hopeful. **M**RS. Goodwill, I have a few questions to ask you to-day, if you will please to permit me.

Mrs. Goodwill. With all my heart, my dear.

Ann Hopeful. I should be glad to know, from whence the rain comes.

Mrs. Goodwill. From the seas, rivers, and such waters as lie on the earth.

Ann Hopeful. You are merry with me: how can that water, which is in the sea and rivers, get up into the air?

Mrs. Goodwill, shewing her a tea-kettle. How did the water in this tea-kettle get to the top of it? You see it is now quite full, though it was not above half filled when first put on the fire. It is the heat of the fire, which divides the water into those little sparks you see it throw out when it boils, and thereby

thereby throws it up. When the water begins to be hot, and especially when it boils, you see a smoke proceeds from it. Well, what appears to you to be smoke, they call *vapour*, or very fine light particles. Thus the heat of the sun is perpetually drawing from the waters on the surface of the earth these fine parts of the water, which rise into the air in vapours, and form a combination with it; but when this combination ceases, or a decomposition takes place, they burst through the air, and fall upon the earth in rain.

Eliza Thoughtful. But, my good lady, I cannot see how the air can support any thing. The air appears to me to be nothing. If I look around me, I can see nothing.

Mrs. Goodwill. It is not the fault in the air; the fault is in your eyes, my dear, which are not strong enough to perceive it. There are many things we cannot see with the naked eye, and yet are perfectly visible by the assistance of glasses. Do not you see a great dust in this room, where the sun shines?

Eliza Thoughtful. Yes: I see a great number of little things, which seem to be all in motion.

Mrs.

Mrs. Goodwill. These little things they call *atoms*, and all the air is full of them; but the particles of air are much finer and smaller, and for that reason you cannot see them.

Sarah Bloom. I should be glad to see of what colour the air is.

Hannah Sterling, laughing. To see what colour the air is, when its parts are so small that we can see nothing of it!

Mrs. Goodwill. Yes, my children, turn your eyes up to Heaven, and you will see of what colour the air is.

Ann Hopeful. It is blue.

Mrs. Goodwill. Well, my dear, what you call Heaven, is the air collected together, and forms that great body, which you see so high above you. When the sun is absent, you do not see these atoms floating around you, because they are then at too great a distance from each other, and too small to be perceived.

Eliza Thoughtful. Then, my good lady, I suppose the air is a body composed of a great number of these little particles; but I cannot conceive, how such light small matters can support the water, which is so much heavier, and each drop of rain so considerably larger?

Mrs. Goodwill. A bird, my dear is heavier
F than

than the air, and yet you see the air supports it very well.

Ann Hopeful. I was last night, madam, looking at the moon, which, I suppose, hangs in the air, and is nothing more than a great light placed there to do the duty of the sun in his absence.

Mrs. Goodwill. You are very much mistaken when you suppose that the moon is nothing more than a great light placed in the air, to do the duty of the sun in his absence. The moon is a body of earth, like that we live in; it has no light but what it receives from the sun.

Ann Hopeful. Can that be true, madam, or do you only tell us so to amuse us? The moon is a little creature, hangs in the air, and moves about from one side of the house to the other: how can that be an earth like what we live in?

Mrs. Goodwill. When you consider the moon as a small body, my dear, you are much mistaken, for it is very large. Have you never seen the cross at the top of St. Paul's church? it appears to you very small; but, were you close to it, the size of it would amaze you. Look through this window: you see a man at a great distance from

you, and he seems to be no bigger than a child. But, why is this? It is, because the object is at a great distance from you. When you look at things afar off, they naturally appear little; and hence the moon, which is so far distant from you, deceives your eyes on account of its distance. You say that the moon hangs in the air, and that it moves about from one side of the house to the other: know, my dear, that the earth, in which we live, is suspended in the air, and perpetually in motion.

Eliza Thoughtful. Permit me to say, that you are only inclined to try how far we are capable of believing such idle dreams. Assuredly the earth cannot move; for, if it did, we should certainly perceive it.

Mrs. Goodwill. Have you never been in a boat, my dear?

Eliza Thoughtful. Yes, madam, many times.

Mrs. Goodwill. And have you not observed, that the boat appeared to have no motion, but that the earth, trees, and houses, seem to move from you?

Eliza Thoughtful. That is true, but I did not think of it. I have observed the same thing, when I have been in a coach in the country.

Mrs. Goodwill. That is, my dear, you think you see them; for the earth, trees, and houses remain in their place: it is the coach and boat that move, and carry you along with them. When the weather is fine, the boat appears to have no more motion than you perceive in your chamber. Thus it is with the earth: it moves so regularly, (but at the same time very swiftly), that you perceive nothing of its motion.

Mary Sensible. This is very wonderful; but I begin to have some notion of it.

Mrs. Goodwill. From the motion of the earth proceed day and night. The earth is twenty-four hours in making one complete turn: when the earth carries this part we inhabit towards the sun, it is then day; and when it carries us from the sun, night then commences.

Eliza Thoughtful. If I am not mistaken, the sun every night sets in the sea; for so I have read in the *Metamorphoses*; and I think that so pretty a book, that I ought not to dispute its authority.

Mrs. Goodwill. The sun always shines, my dear, and never sets. At the time we cease to see it, it begins to make its appearance to the people of America, who inhabit the opposite

posite side of the globe. The ancients knew not America, nor did they imagine that the earth was round, as we now well know it to be.

Eliza Thoughtful. Do those people, madam, who live on the other side of the globe, walk with their feet towards the sky, and their heads downwards; for, if the world be quite round, this must be the case?

Mrs. Goodwill. Their feet certainly meet ours. The earth may be compared to the kernel of a walnut: the earth is the kernel, and the heavens are the shell, which keeps it together. Again, compare it to an egg; the yolk is the earth, the white of it the air, and the shell the heavens. Turn the egg which way you will, the white of the egg will keep the yolk in its place, and the shell will confine both. Do not you understand me, my children?

Dinah Sterling. Indeed, it is wonderful.

Mrs. Goodwill. The learned have invented many things to prove the means which God makes use of thus to support the earth in the air; but as they are things above your capacities at present, I shall say no more on this subject now. Farewell, my dear children, be good and happy.

DIALOGUE VIII.

In this Dialogue, Emma Tempest, a new Scholar, makes her first Appearance.

Mrs. Goodwill. I AM happy, in bringing Emma Tempest among you, who is come to pass a few months with her cousin, Mary Sensible. I hope she will follow your good examples, and that you will be all good friends. Come, Emma, and kiss me, and do not be afraid of me; for, as I before told you, I shall be your friend, such as I am to all these children. Ask Jane Bloom, and she will tell you, that she was formerly a naughty little girl; but she is now become so good, that she is at this day my favourite.

Ann Hopeful. If you love Jane better than me, I shall be jealous!

Mrs. Goodwill. I love you all, my dears; but give me leave to confess, that I take pleasure in bringing an unruly girl to reason.

Emma Tempest. Then I hope I shall become your favourite.

Mrs.

Mrs. Goodwill. How, my dear! are you a little unruly girl?

Emma Tempest. My mamma has often told me so; but I know not for what reason.

Mrs. Goodwill. You are young, my dear; but we will drop that matter for the present. —I see a picture in your hand, Jane. Pray, what is the subject of it?

Jane Bloom. I was yesterday amusing myself with a little book, in which I read the history of an unfortunate merchant. He had lost, as it had been reported to him, all his ships by storms, and from being a very rich man was become very poor. It was his custom every morning to go to the sea-side to bewail his misfortunes, and weep over his ruin. One morning as he was standing on the beach, according to his usual custom, how great were his joy and surprize, when he saw his ships, which had been reported to be lost, coming into port! It appeared afterwards, that the ships had made a very bad market at the place they were sent to, and were coming home with goods of very little value. However, a violent storm arose, and they were driven into a place till then undiscovered by us. This was thought an addition
to

to their misfortunes; but, as it turned out, it was the greatest blessing. It was an island rich in gold and diamonds. As the people knew nothing of trade, the necessary articles brought by these strange ships were of more value to these people than all their gold and diamonds. They therefore accepted of what they wanted from the ships, and in return loaded them with valuable treasures. My picture, if you please to look at it, represents the merchant gazing on the beach, and the ships coming into port.



Mrs. Goodwill. Your picture is a very pretty one, and the story from whence you have

have taken it, is no less so. You may see in this story, the goodness of God. The merchant had sent his goods to a wrong market; but a storm, which, to weak mortals, appeared as an additional calamity, blew them to an island where they procured the richest cargo. It is thus often in the common concerns of life: we are through our own ignorance, led to consider those things as calamities, which, perhaps in a few days, we are forced to acknowledge as the greatest blessings.—It is thus my little children amuse themselves when I am absent.—Come, Ann Hopeful, repeat a piece of sacred history.

Ann Hopeful. Samuel being grown old, his children judged the people instead of him: but they resembled not their father: for they took bribes to condemn the innocent, and pardon the guilty. The Israelites then said to Samuel, give us a king that may govern us like other nations. This request afflicted Samuel; but the Lord said to him, it is not thou, but me, they have rejected; tell them the nature of a king, and then give them one. There was a man, whose name was Saul, and him they chose for their king. Saul reigned peaceably during two years;
but

but his son Jonathan having attacked the Philistines, they assembled a numerous army, and marched against the Israelites. The great number of the enemy affrighted many, who hid themselves for fear, and others assembled themselves around Saul; but Samuel said to Saul, stay until I come and sacrifice with thee unto the Lord. Saul waited seven days; but seeing that Samuel did not come, and that his soldiers deserted, he offered a sacrifice himself. Scarce had he finished, when Samuel arrived, who said to Saul, if thou hadst obeyed what the Lord by my mouth commanded thee, the crown would have rested in thy family; but because thou hast disobeyed, the Lord has rejected thee, and chosen in thy stead a king, who is a man after his own heart.—These words afflicted Saul, who, however, prepared to give battle to the Philistines.

Eliza Thoughtful. But Saul waited seven days for Samuel: he had, it seems to me, a very good reason for offering sacrifices, since otherwise all the soldiers would have left him.

Mrs. Goodwill. The Lord, whom he ought to have obeyed, would have been with him, my dear, and his assistance would have been better

better than a million of soldiers. When God commands, it is not for us to reason, but to obey. Saul disobeyed, because he lost his confidence in God: he doubted the power and the truth of his promises, from whom he had received so many marks of divine protection. This was great ingratitude. Continue your history.

Ann Hopeful. The Philistines had their camp near that of the Israelites, and Jonathan, full of confidence in God, of whom he asked assistance, went into their camp, followed by a single man. He slew twenty Philistines; and God struck the rest with such terror, that they killed one another, or fled. Saul pursued them, and said (I hardly know how to repeat so naughty a word), cursed be he who eats till I have completed my victory?—The people were much fatigued, and very hungry; but, though they passed through a wood, in which was plenty of honey, yet no one dared to touch any. Jonathan, who knew nothing of the words his father had spoken, found himself much in need of refreshment, and therefore ate a small quantity of honey. This little refreshment gave him fresh strength but somebody having afterwards

wards told him of the oath his father had made, he was angry with his father for being so severe. Saul afterwards discovered the offence his son had committed, and would have put him to death; but the people would not permit it.

Jane Bloom. I was in great pain, lest Saul should kill Jonathan: he was not to blame; because he knew nothing of the oath his father had made.

Mrs. Goodwill. That is true, my dear; but he had taken the liberty to murmur against his father, on account of the oath he had made. This was a fault which deserved to be punished. However, I admire the other part of the conduct of this young prince. He began by praying to the Lord, and, full of confidence in his assistance, he feared not to attack even a great army, having but a single man with him. What is it we cannot do by the assistance of prayer, and confidence in God?—Come Emma Tempest, it is from the assistance of these only, we must endeavour to conquer our unruly passions: we have many enemies to combat with—pride, obstinacy, and anger. That we shall never be able to do, if left to ourselves; but if God

2 fights

fights for us, as he did for Jonathan and the Israelites, we will certainly carry the victory, and with less trouble than we imagine.

Emma Tempest. You have drawn a pretty picture indeed, of human frailty; but you have not been told, that I am often forced into a passion designedly by others. After all, every one has a character, either good or bad; and many of those, who speak ill of me, are much worse themselves.

Mrs. Goodwill. What you say is not just, my dear. You ought to respect those who remind you of your faults, and not fly into a passion with them.

Emma Tempest. I know that I ought to respect my mother; but she would have never given you this character of me, though my servant has. I do not think I am obliged to pay all obedience to my servant.

Mrs. Goodwill. You are very much mistaken. The person whom your mother has placed near you, and whom she has been pleased to call your servant, has received orders from your mother to watch your conduct: consequently, she supplies her place, and you ought to respect her. I must even add, that you ought to respect every one;

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and

and that if you do not change your character, no one will respect you.

Emma Tempest. My rank will command respect, even from those who otherwise would not respect me.

Mrs. Goodwill. Since you force me to tell you these severe truths, I must inform you, my child, that so far from having any respect to your rank or person, I despise you more than I do the women who sell fish in the street. You are above them only in pride: a mere title commands respect from no one. — Pray, do not work while I am speaking to you, but listen with due attention.

Emma Tempest. I do no harm in working: it amuses me. It is only out of ill-nature that you want to deprive me of that pleasure. But I shall not leave off.

Mrs. Goodwill. It is doing wrong to work when a person to whom you owe respect speaks to you: to me, you also owe obedience!

Emma Tempest. I owe you respect and obedience!

Mrs. Goodwill. Yes, my little dear; and be assured, if you are deficient in them, I will make you sensible of your errors; for I will
not

not put up with it. I am surprised that you should, on your very first day of coming here, give such a specimen of your conduct; but I shall convince you, that I know how to deal with little stubborn hearts, like your's, I do not flatter myself with the hopes of making you good; but I am determined to attempt it. To begin, I tell you that you shall spend every day in company like yourself, that is, with those who have no education, and you shall eat with the servants in the kitchen.

Jane Bloom to Emma Tempest. My dear, if you knew how ugly you appear in speaking so insolently to Mrs. Goodwill, you would this moment ask her pardon.

Mrs. Goodwill. Let her alone, my dear; for she does not merit your concern, I am, however, glad, my children, that the matter has happened in your presence, since it will be of more service to you than any thing I can say against pride and stubbornness.

Jane Bloom. When I reflect, my dear madam, that it is now seven months since I behaved as bad as Emma, it makes me tremble. How many obligations am I under to you for conquering my wicked spirit!

Mrs. Goodwill. Your natural inclination was good, my dear; besides, you was only seven years old. The proud dragon, which was in your heart, was as yet too little to conquer you completely; but the dragon in that unfortunate child is grown strong, it is thirteen years old, and will in the end become her master.—What makes you cry, Mary Sensible?

Mary Sensible. You know that I love my cousin: judge how sorry I am at seeing her so perverse; is she then too old to be made to think and act otherwise?

Mrs. Goodwill. It is never too late, my dear; but it is true, that it is more difficult to conquer her to-day than it would have been yesterday, that it will be more difficult to-morrow than to-day, and thus the difficulty will every day increase. Indeed, I sincerely pity her. I beg of you all to pray for her conversion.

Eliza Thoughtful. With all my heart; but perhaps she is already sorry for all these naughty things she has said.

Mrs. Goodwill. No, my dear, her pride has got the upper hand of her. She affects to appear cheerful, and even stifles her inclinations

tions to cry, and thinks to conquer me by those means. The poor child. thinks she makes me uneasy, and indeed it in some measure does; because she does a great injury to herself. As for me, I am no way interested in her welfare but through charity. If her pride did not hurt her soul, which I love, I should, with all my heart, pardon all the foolish things she has this day said to me: they would have done me no harm. I am sorry this afternoon has proved so disagreeable to you; but I hope that of to-morrow will be better; take care of yourselves.

Mary Sensible embracing Mrs. Goodwill. My dear governess, do not leave my cousin in her pride!—Pray pardon her!—If she should die this night, what will become of her?

Mrs. Goodwill. But, my dear, if I excuse her, God will not, unless she is sorry for what she has done.

[Hereupon Emma crying excessively, throws herself into the arms of her Governess.]

Mrs. Goodwill. I am glad to see your pride at last give way. Are you, my dear, sorry for your fault?

Emma Tempest. If I am, madam, what

end will it serve, since you say I am too old to reform?

Mrs. Goodwill. I did not say so, my dear; it is more difficult for you than one that is younger. If you will promise me to do every thing that I bid you, I will promise you, that in time you will become good.

Emma Tempest. I would wish to be so: I see very plainly, that I am shamefully proud, that these young ladies ought to despise me, and that I ought to hate myself.

Mrs. Goodwill. Your being sensible of your fault, my dear, gives me great hopes of your reformation. Take courage, and embrace the present opportunity. Your mother has delivered you up to my discretion; I should be undeserving of her confidence, if I suffered you to continue in your errors. You hence see under what necessity I am of removing you, if you are not good; neither should I do right, if I suffered you to remain wicked, as you have this day been. Would it not be better that you should become a good girl, and exert all your power to correct yourself by little and little? Every thing I shall say to you will be through friendship, and not with any desire to vex you.

Emma

Emma Tempest. But, if I promise to mend my faults, will you still make me sup with the servants in the kitchen?

Mrs. Goodwill. Yes, my dear, you must sup there to night, to punish you for the follies you have this day committed.

Mary Sensible. Permit me to sup with my cousin to night, that I may keep her in countenance.

Mrs. Goodwill. I commend your charity, my dear; but we must not diminish her pain, since she has deserved it. She has sunk herself beneath the servant by her pride, and lessened herself much in the eyes of her friend. She must then recover her rank by this reparation: this will restore her to favour, and make her better hereafter; but now she must submit cheerfully to my orders.

Emma Tempest. Since you think it will contribute to make me better hereafter, I will do it; but, at the same time, I must confess it is horrible to sup with that creature!

Mrs. Goodwill. That creature!—She is as good as yourself, my dear child; and as she is a good woman, and does her duty, she is a creature actually above you. If she knew how wicked you are, she would think herself

self dishonoured in supping with you. It is not a disgrace to be born of poor parents, to be a servant, or even to accept of charity: this betrays no wickedness; but it is a shame and a disgrace to be proud. Have you not there seen, that Jesus Christ, who is King of Heaven and of Earth, was so poor that he was born in a stable? He took poor men for his companions; and he who passed for his father was but a poor carpenter.

Emma Tempest. Come, I will take a good resolution.—Yes, my dear governess, I will sup with the servant in the kitchen.

Mrs. Goodwill. With good will?

Emma Tempest. Yes, with all my heart.

Mrs. Goodwill. Come and kiss me, my dear child, and let me forgive you. I begin to have hopes of you, since you cheerfully submit to the punishment I impose on you. I dispense with your faults for this time, and will hope for more obedience from you hereafter. You shall sup with the rest of the children, and not in the kitchen. I wish you a good evening, my dear children. Be good, and you need not fear of being happy.

DIALOGUE IX.

Mrs. Goodwill. WELL, my dear children, I am glad to see you all look so cheerfully. How have you employed your leisure time since our drinking tea yesterday?

Jane Bloom. As you gave us leave to walk and amuse ourselves in the garden before dinner, we sat down in the arbour, and, at the request of Emma Tempest, I drew this picture.



Mrs.

Mrs. Goodwill. I think it is a very pretty one.

Mary Sensible. I cannot help thinking, from the graceful manner in which the lady sits, and pours out the tea, but that it represents my dear governess.

Mrs. Goodwill. I am obliged to you, my dear.

Ann Hopeful. I admire the genteel manner in which the gentleman sits on the stool, though his back is towards us.

Eliza Thoughtful. I am sure Jane Bloom designed the young lady sitting with her back to the door for Emma Tempest.

Mrs. Goodwill. I have the pleasure to tell you, that Emma now behaves as gentle as a lamb, and that she does not a fault for which she is not soon sorry. I now love her with all my heart; and she has recently told me, that she never was more happy in her life. I doubt not but, in time, she will effectually check her inclinations to pride and anger; for, as she loves study, her mind will improve as she acquires knowledge.

Emma Tempest. You are very good to give me this encouragement; and, I assure you,
I will

I will do all in my power not to disappoint you.

Mrs. Goodwill. Be a good child, and thereby you will make me and yourself happy. Eliza Thoughtful, it is some time since you obliged us with any part of sacred history. I should be glad to hear some part of it now.

Eliza Thoughtful. Darius, being become king of Chaldea, in which the prophet Daniel lived, appointed an hundred and twenty princes to rule over the kingdom. Over these were placed three presidents, who were to see into their conduct, and of these, Daniel was the chief. The other two presidents and the princes, seeing Daniel above them in authority, grew jealous of him, hated him, and conspired to ruin him; but he was so just and upright in all his dealings, that no fault could be found in him, so that they could do him no hurt that way.

Mary Sensible. What wicked men those presidents and princes must be, not only to envy the good Daniel, but even try to ruin him!

Mrs. Goodwill. That is no uncommon case, my dear: ambitious people always envy those whose fortune in life proves better than their

own; and wicked people ever hate those that are good, and try to make them as bad as themselves. Daniel, however, was a good and religious man, and therefore had nothing to fear from the wicked. Go on with your history, Eliza.

Eliza Thoughtful. When these wicked men found that the conduct of Daniel afforded no room for complaint, they said among themselves, we shall never be able to do him any injury, unless we can find some opportunity from the law of his God.—They then all assembled before the King, and requested him to establish a firm decree, that whoever should ask a petition of any God or man, for thirty days, except the King, should be cast into the den of lions. The King, in order to please these wicked men, and not knowing their design, signed the decree, which the King himself could not afterwards revoke.

Dinah Sterling. What pain I am in for poor Daniel; for sure I am, be what will the consequence, he will not neglect his prayers to his God!

Mrs. Goodwill. Nor will God, my dear, neglect those who do not neglect him. Proceed, Eliza Thoughtful.

Eliza

Eliza Thoughtful. Though Daniel knew this terrible decree was signed, yet he went into his chamber, as usual, three times a-day, kneeled down, and gave thanks for all the favours bestowed upon him. These wicked men assembled, and found Daniel praying. They then went to the King, and thus said to him, hast thou not signed a decree, forbidding any one to ask a petition of any God or man within thirty days, and that whoever does so shall be cast into a den of lions?—The King answered, I did; and, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, I cannot alter it.—They then told the King, that Daniel regarded neither him nor his decree, because he continued, as usual, to pray to his God three times a-day. The King was sorely vexed when he heard these words, and did every thing he could to save poor Daniel. In the evening, these wicked men assembled round the King, and demanded the execution of the law. Though he heartily wished, it was not in his power to refuse them, and Daniel was brought forth. The King then said to him, the God whom thou serveest continually, he will deliver thee.—Poor Daniel was then cast into the den of lions,

and a great stone was laid upon the mouth of it, which the King sealed with his royal signet.

Dinah Sterling. I am sure, had I been the King, I would not have suffered Daniel to be thrown into a den of lions, merely to please a number of wicked men!

Mrs. Goodwill. I admire the goodness of your heart, my dear; but, were you a king, or a queen, you must abide by the laws you make. It was indeed a cruel law, and would be a most wicked one in these times; but, at that period, they knew nothing of the true God, but what they were told of by his faithful servant Daniel, who chose rather to die than disobey him.

Emma Tempest. I am sure, when I said so many naughty things to my governess, I ought to have been thrown into the den of lions.

Jane Bloom. I have a picture in my book, madam, given me by a young lady of my acquaintance, which represents a man fighting with a lion. This is it.

Mrs.



Mrs. Goodwill. It is a pretty picture to be sure; but this cannot represent the situation of Daniel; because here is only one lion, and the man in this picture has arms to defend himself, whereas Daniel had none. However, that is of little consequence. Proceed, Eliza, if you please.

Eliza Thoughtful. King Darius returned full of sorrow to his palace, and would eat no supper, neither would he suffer the sound of music to approach him, as usual. He had no sleep all the night; and early in the morning, he hastened to the den of lions. He

then cried with a lamentable voice to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou continually servest, able to deliver thee from the lions? Poor Daniel answered, O King, my God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me; because he knew I was innocent, as well as thou dost, O King.

Jane Bloom. My heart leaps for joy within me, to find poor Daniel in safety. I hope those wicked men that accused him were punished!

Mrs. Goodwill. Have patience, my dear, and you will hear.

Eliza Thoughtful. The King, who was exceeding glad to hear Daniel give him this answer, commanded him to be immediately taken out of the den, when no manner of hurt was found upon him, The King also ordered, that those men, who had endeavoured to destroy Daniel, should be cast into the den with their wives and children, and they were instantly all devoured by the lions. Darius then published a decree throughout his nation, that all men should tremble and fear before the God of Daniel, who worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth.

Mary

Mary Sensible. Though I must confess, that the punishment of those wicked men seemed just; yet I can hardly help crying, when I hear that the innocent children, and their mothers likewise, were treated in the same manner. Surely it was cruel to put the innocent to death with the guilty!

Emma Tempest. I think so too, my dear cousin. I am sure our good governess did not treat you ill when I was so wicked to her; and yet it is possible, had Darius been our governor, he would, because I was wicked, have thrown us all into a den of lions.

Mrs. Goodwill. I am glad, my dear Emma, to find you have not forgotten your past error: it is a sure mark of amendment. It was a pity, indeed, that so many innocent women and children should be punished with death for the crimes of others; but it was the cruel custom of those days, whenever the master of the family fell under royal displeasure, for his wife and children to share the same fate. Think yourselves happy, my children, in living under our present government, where none suffer but the guilty.

Ann Hopeful. How good our maker was to protect his faithful servant from the power

of the lions! I am sure we ought all to love and fear him.

Mrs. Goodwill. You are right, my dear; for without his protection we can do nothing; and with it, we may do every thing.

Emma Tempest. The fate of the wicked men, who fought Daniel's life, reminds me of what I have somewhere read, that those who dig a pit for others, frequently fall into it themselves. Indeed, I too well remember, that whenever any one had given me an affront, I always endeavoured, instead of forgiving it, to contrive some method of revenge; and it generally happened, that whatever snare I laid for another, I myself was taken by it.

Mrs. Goodwill. I have great hopes, my dear, that you will never do so again; for nothing is so hateful as revenge, and nothing more frequently miscarries in its aims, and returns upon the designer. Children should never bear malice; indeed our religion forbids it. Christ commanded his followers to love their enemies. To go to bed in anger is a terrible thing; for, should we die before the morning, what an account should we give of ourselves, when we appear before him with

malice in our hearts! Dr. Watts has properly said,

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night,
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morn.

Emma Tempest. I assure you, I never go to bed without kissing each of the young ladies; and, as for malice, I hope it will never enter my naughty heart.

Mrs. Goodwill. I assure you, your reformation gives me the most singular pleasure; and I doubt not, if you continue to obey me, you will in the end make an amiable woman.

Emma Tempest. Be assured, I shall not only endeavour to obey, but ever most sincerely love you.

Mrs. Goodwill. I should be glad, Emma, if you would repeat part of the history you was yesterday reading.

Emma Tempest. That I will, with the greatest pleasure. God said to Samuel, go to Bethlehem, and enter the house of Jesse; for I have chosen one of his sons to be king instead of Saul, who has disobeyed my commands.

mands. When Samuel saw the eldest of these sons, who was tall and well made, he believed him to be the person whom the Lord had chosen; but God said to him, that is not the man, for I regard not the stature, but the heart. The seven sons of Jesse then passed before Samuel, but the Lord chose neither of them; and the prophet said to him, hast thou no other children? Jesse said to him, I have another son who keeps my flock, and his name is David. He was immediately sent for; and the Lord having acquainted Samuel, that it was him whom he had chosen, he poured over him a phial of oil, which was the manner in those days of consecrating their kings. From this time the spirit of the Lord was with David, and he became obedient thereunto; and Saul, on the contrary, gave himself up to an evil spirit, which drove him almost to madness. It was told Saul, that if any one played on the harp before him, it would appease the evil spirit; and as David played well on that instrument, the King demanded him of his father. As soon as Saul saw David, he loved him, and made him his armour-bearer; and every time
the

the evil spirit tormented him, David played on his harp, and appeased him.

Mrs. Goodwill. You will here observe, my dear children, that God pays no respect to the stature or figure of any one, and loves them only in proportion to the goodness of their hearts. Let not any of you, who are tall and well-made, think any more of yourselves on that account, since a meek disposition, and an obliging behaviour, are the only things that can recommend us to divine regard, and make us respectable in this world. Pray, Emma, proceed.

Emma Tempest. There was among the Philistines a giant named Goliath, who was armed in a terrible manner. He came to defy the Israelites to single combat, but no one dared to attack him. David was then returned to keep his father's flocks; and his father said to him, go and carry provisions to thy brothers in the camp. When he arrived there, he saw the giant mocking the Israelites and their God, which grieved David. He therefore asked, what reward would be given to the man who should kill this giant? He was told, that the King would give him his daughter in marriage. The brothers of David, who
heard

heard him ask this question, told him he was presumptuous, and that he had much better go and look after his flocks. Saul, having heard David's enquiries, said to him, is it thou, my friend, that would undertake to kill this giant? Thou art but a child. David answered, while I kept my father's flocks, a lion and a bear came to attack them. I destroyed them; and that God, who delivered me from the mouths of a lion and a bear, will also deliver me from the hands of this giant. Then Saul gave his own arms to David; but finding them too heavy, he only took a sling, and picked up five stones. The giant, seeing such a little delicate boy coming to engage him, mocked him, and said, dost thou take me for a dog, that thou comest against me with stones and a stick? David answered him, thou thinkest thy arms are a security; but I come before thee armed with the power of the Lord, who will enable me to conquer thee. He then ran to the giant, and slung a stone at him, which entered his forehead, and killed him, and David then cut off his head with his own sword. The Philistines seeing the giant dead, immediately fled, and the Israelites

Israelites slew a great number of them. This victory was followed with great rejoicings, and the women sung, *Saul has killed his thousand, and David his ten thousand.* This made the King jealous, and he began no longer to love him; for every thing succeeded with this young man. But Jonathan, the son of Saul, was more just than his father. He admired this noble action of David, and presented him with the coat he wore; for, in those times, this was the greatest mark of esteem that could be shewn to any person: and he always loved David.

Mrs. Goodwill. You know, my dear children, that your holidays are now near: you will therefore each of you write to your parents in the most dutiful manner you are able. Endeavour to convince them how sensible you are of the many obligations you owe to their tenderness, and that you, though absent, desire they may enjoy the blessings of health and happiness. I hope your behaviour at home will be, in every respect, equal to what it has been while under my inspection.

Jane Bloom. I know my behaviour at home, before I came under the care of Mrs. Goodwill, was not so good as it ought to have

have been; but I will now endeavour to convince my father and mother, and all my friends, that I have at last learned to be dutiful.

Emma Tempest. If Jane Bloom has reason to complain of her past conduct, how much more have I!—My dear governess, as I have been but a short time with you, and but just begun to improve, should I go home, I fear I should fall into my former errors: if you please, I will stay and pass my holidays with you, where I shall have the favour of your advice and reproof, when necessary.

Mary Sensible. If my cousin Emma does not go home, I beg that I may be permitted to stay and keep her company.

Mrs. Goodwill. I have no objection to oblige both of you, my dear children; but I must write to your parents, to know their pleasure, before I can promise it.—Love each other, be dutiful to your parents, and properly attend to the instruction received, and there will then be no doubt of your living comfortably in this world, and of being happy in the next.

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